

fear of making her sorrow greater. He inwardly anathematized the light carelessness of his cousin, which unfitted him to undertake this business, and felt that it was a pity he had to go when Glenn had no ties to keep him at home. And that fair, sweet face, with the blue eyes filled with tears, and the sweet mouth, quivering, haunted him all the way.

Glenn Hazelthorne was a man who lived for the present moment. Handsome, attractive and popular, the girls spoiled him in his boyhood, and the women spoiled him in his manhood. He was the life of every gathering, and could sway a whole assembly with scarcely an effort. He seemed to carry a kind of magnetic atmosphere about with him, which drew every one to him. Letty thought it nice to have him for an escort, the rest were so envious of her. She enjoyed life thoroughly, going everywhere with Glenn, and receiving such splendid letters from Grange, that she forgot she was not to have known a minute's happiness. In the long sunny afternoons, when they would lazily watch the clouds drifting across the blue overhead, or the shadows lengthening out, or the red splendor of the sunset slowly fading, who could expect her to be sad and lonely? Or in the silvery nights, when Hazelthorne's subtle magnetism was strongest, and when his face wore a deep, tender earnestness, was she to think the intoxication too sweet? Sometime Grange would come back, and she would be married and settle down into a sober little wife; but now life was glorious, the more so that she did not stop to think she was happy. And Glenn—well, he knew the danger, but he drifted on. He had never taken the oars into his own hands; everything had *happened* for him in life, as he was letting things happen now. Circumstances must decide for him; he was a fatalist, he always said. There was a bright, little brunette, Miss Natalie Hulbert, who fell desperately in love with him, and who showed her preference so strongly that it was a subject of remark. Hazelthorne was just the man to be drawn into a vortex; he could no more resist a pretty woman's smile than he could help breathing, though he always repudiated the idea of flirting, and one night, at a party where he had taken Letty, Miss Natalie absorbed the greater share of his attention. When, toward the end of the evening, he sought out Letty, he found her sitting in a corner with a solemn, grieved face.

"Take me home, please," she said.

Hazelthorne felt awkward, and on the way home did his best to make amends, but Letty's face continued grave. At last she said;

"You invited Natalie Hurlbut to go on the boating excursion to-morrow."

"I did," he answered. Then, when she kept silence, he asked, "Why should you care? What is it to you what I do? You have Grange."

"True, she said, in a low tone, "I have been very thoughtless. I thank you, and won't trouble you any more."

"I find that I have been playing with fire," said he, "not thinking of the danger."

Then he suddenly paused, and she turned her face upward. Her lips were quivering and her eyes full of tears. The sweet, womanly face looked up so sadly,—the story was so easy to read,—they were so near to one another that Glenn forgot his trust and honor, as he bowed and kissed her.

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Eight months had passed since Grange Wolverton had set foot on his native soil, and he heartily welcomed the sight of its shores again. He could hardly restrain his impatience to be at home, for, after accomplishing the object of his journey, he had taken a flying trip over the continent, and letters had not reached him. He grudged every moment of time the train took in speeding over the road, his thoughts reaching ahead to Letty. Dear little woman; how would she receive him?—that sorrowful face, at parting, had never left him. And now he was home once more, thank God! he would never leave her again. At last the train stopped; he seized his portmanteau and alighted, looking eagerly among the crowd. One face arrested him.

"Halloo! Glenn, here I am, back safe and sound. Why, you look as solemn as a deacon; has anything happened? How is Letty?"

"Letty's all right," answered Hazelthorne, throwing a gaiety into his manner, "and you only imagine my face long."

"Come home with me, I want to talk with you," exclaimed Wolverton, "I am so glad to be home, I feel like an escaped schoolboy."

Laughing and chatting, like boys, the two men passed into Wolverton's rooms. Grange said he was as hungry as a wolf, and could talk of nothing till after supper; and when the meal was brought up he ate ravenously, rallying Hazelthorne upon his loss of appetite.

"Now I'll talk with you for a short time," he said, when the things had been taken away, "and then I must go and see Letty. Why wasn't she at the depot to-night?"